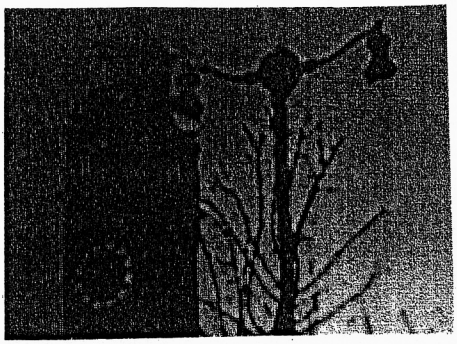
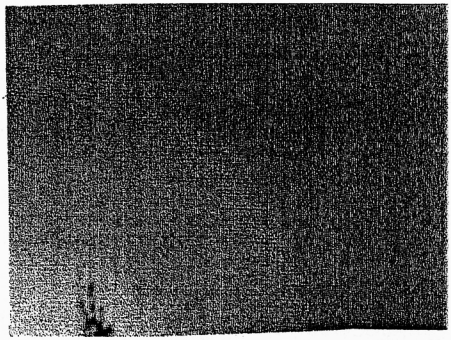
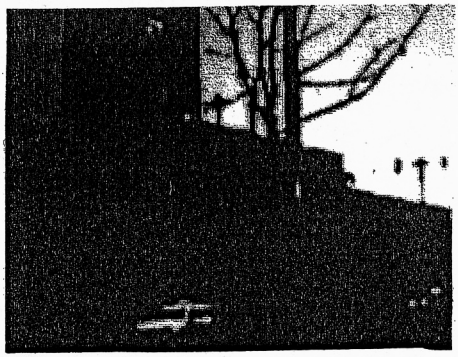
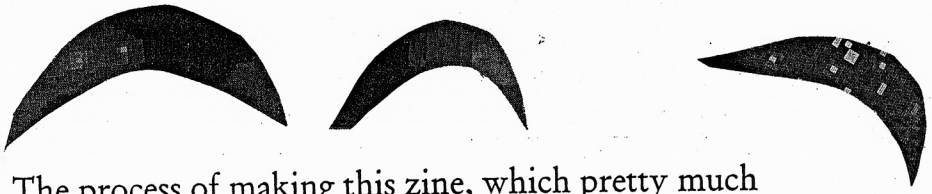






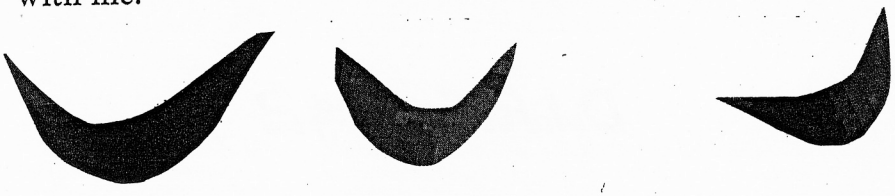
D.I.R.G.E. #2



The process of making this zine, which pretty much equals the process of experiencing the many things i have this year, took me through a wide range of emotions. First i was optimistic, then i was scared, then calm, then inspired, then quite anxious, then little sleepy, then a lot drunk, then somewhat happy, then... well you get the picture.

I think i've been overly anxious this year and i know cynicism gets annoying after a while. Still in the last month or two, i think i've felt more at ease. I've mainly recently thought about all the amazing people i now know and love and how they have, and continue to, affect my life.

Despite that i have again decided against a list of names in this intro, due to the fact there are too many people that have inspired me this year. So rather i've decided to categorise everyone into general groupings that they will know they're part of. So here goes thanks and much love too :
PO Box 4; one, one, nine 'Crombie st; Scanners; icbinbb; UTS Central Command; the Mothership; and all the rest of you ferals, freaks and people who drink with me.



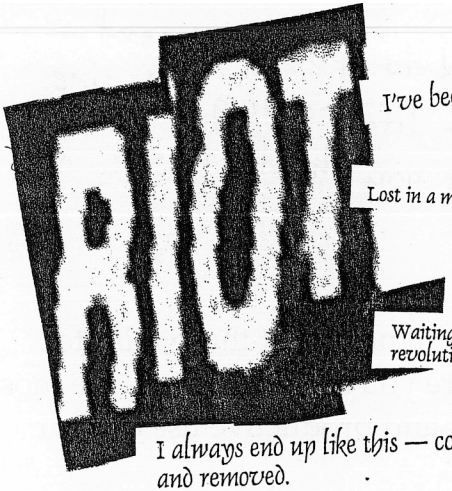
So you've decided to spend the next few minutes of your life reading this zine. Here's a few things you should think about first...

1. You will never get those minutes back. Are you sure that this is the most efficient and productive use of your time?

2. Do you really need to know any of the information within? Rather then the non-sensical rantings of an anarchist couldn't you just read about the real issues as presented by professional journalists such as Miranda Devine and Piers Akerman?

3. Why actually read at all? Doesn't television give you just as much news and entertainment, infotainment if you will, but with sound and moving pictures? You just need to sit there and consume what you're shown.

4. Why read about what someone else thinks and feels? If we all thought less we could be more effective members of society. If they just went and got a real job they wouldn't whinge so much about alienation?



I've been caught in a dream of complete destruction.

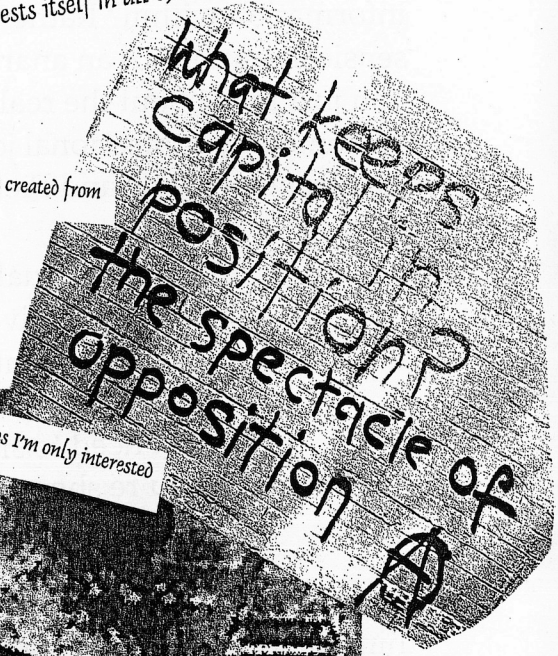
Lost in a maze of idea that remonstrate with my every motion.

Waiting for some clarity to guide my next action, hoping for something revolutionary and inspiring to motivate me.

I always end up like this — confused and desperate, frustrated and removed.

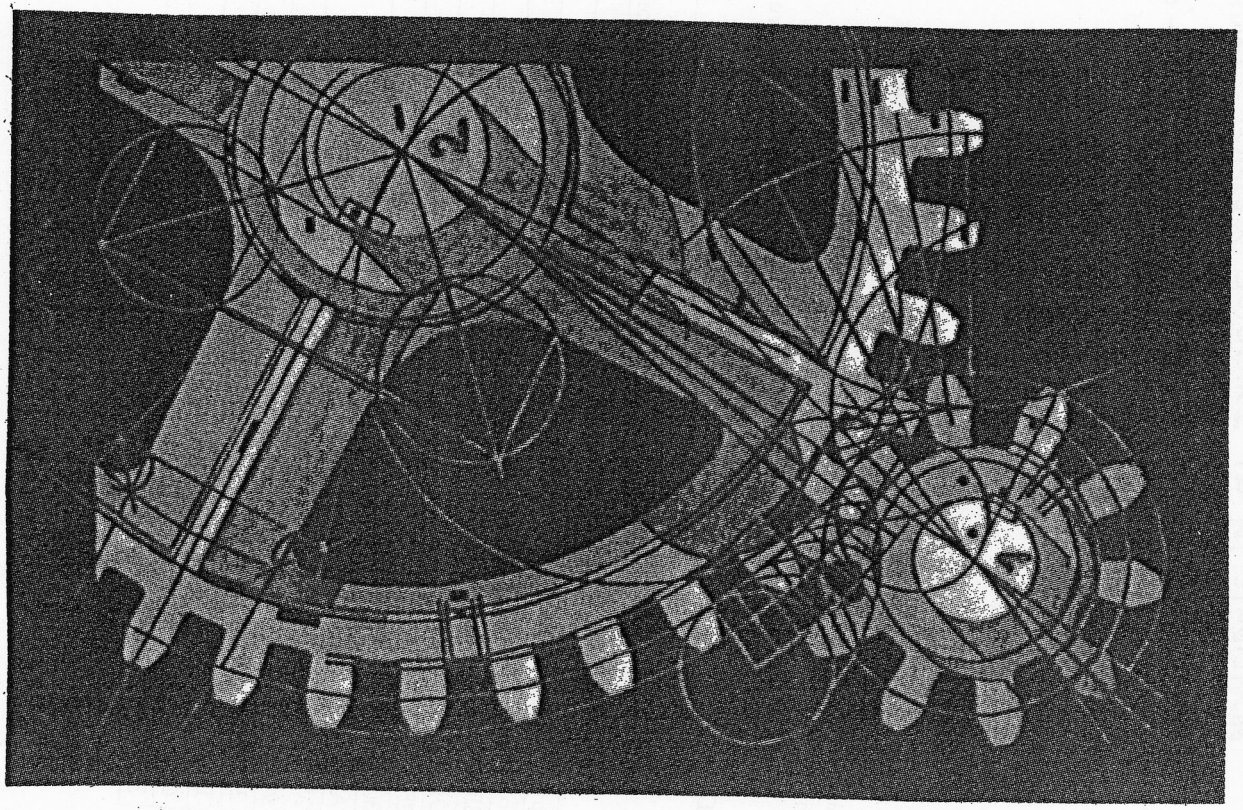
It is a dream that manifests itself in all that is negative.

Lost of any sense that something, anything, can be created from what is torn down.



Yet sometimes I don't care, because sometimes I'm only interested in the destruction.

And sometimes it feels like it would be the most beautiful thing.



SYCH 101 – An exercise I was forced to participate in at Intensive Jobsearch Training. Basically, choose six of these people you'd want to survive a nuclear war with.

Fall Out Shelter Exercise

Please do not discuss your individual answers with other group members until the following group discussion.

REMEMBER

During the group discussion, Any type of voting process is not allowed

	Individual response	Group discussion
36 yo female physician, known to be a racist		
16 yo pregnant girl with questionable IQ		
Black militant bio chemist, 29 yo		
Olympic athlete		
25 yo centrefold model		
30 yo Catholic preist		
Army drill instructor		
Mr Fix It -38 yo male carpenter - spent 5 years in jail for drug offences		
24 yo male Homosexual army nurse		
15 yo male - apprentice carpenter		
48 yo Magistrate- with serious alcoholism		
31 yo Midwife - known to be a lesbian		

Dear friend,

I write this letter as a final plea, for I fear I shall be me for much longer. This is my seventh day at Intensive Jobsearch Training, and already I feel my spirit being broken. I have stolen this rare moment where the supervisor not pace behind me, to write you in the vain hope you c find a way to save me or at least let the world know the torture we are subjected to. When I write of pain and torture you must understand I speak of the worst kind of torture - psychological and mental torture, not physical.

Firstly, they ensure any pretence of a reasonable sleep is impossible by tearing us from our restful slumber at a frightfu early hour. Our eyes are then forcibly held open for hours on to stare at a computer screen that lists endless shitty jobs. T only sustenance we are provided is coffee, which I am sure is that only in name as it has the taste and consistency of dir Finally when they deem our minds are suitably numb enough to provide resistance, they gather us in 'working groups', which a in fact brainwashing classes designed to force the point th our lives are nothing unless we have a job and that capitalism is the answer.

So my friend, I am sorry to cause you worry, but you are only person I could think of that would help me.

Yours faithfully,

Sam

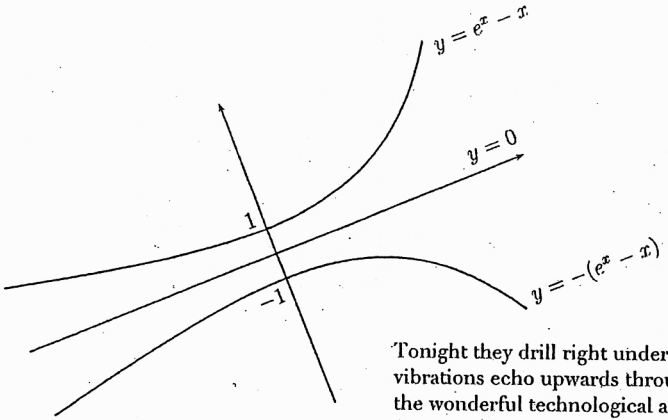
All Filler Some Killer #1

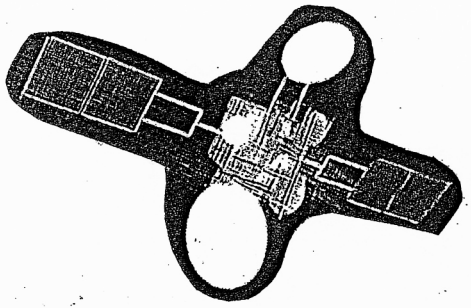
Rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, rain, and more bloody rain.

It's now the last week of November and it has rained five days in a row and probably a majority of days in this month. And this isn't nice, sun shower here comes summer rain. These are unceasing droplets of zero degree pain. If I wanted this weather I'd be living in Melbourne, or Glasgow or Vancouver for that matter.

And while I did write an ode to cloudy days in my last zine, I don't believe that means I have no right to complain. Cause cloudy days have that variable of maybe it's gonna rain and maybe it's not. They have mystery. Rainy days are just wet. Wet and cold.

So I guess this is a callout to protest... oops, umm, yeah, so lets just hope those capitalist powers that be stop oppressing us with their water falling out of the sky so that I can wash my clothes before I go to Tasmania.

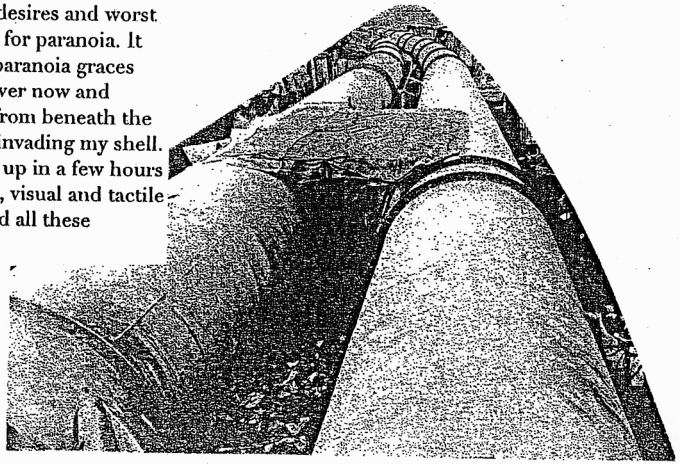


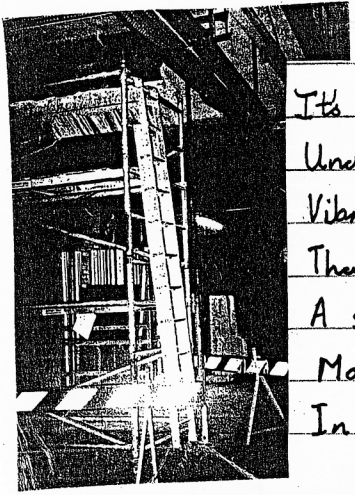


Tonight they drill right under the foundations. The vibrations echo upwards through the floorboards. I hear the wonderful technological advances of humanity droan from beneath the ground. I turn off the light. Without the soft yellow glow of my bedside lamp – a glow that always ends up hosting all my greatest desires and worst fears – my mind becomes a playground for paranoia. It whispers to me that all is not well. My paranoia graces me with its presence more often than ever now and tonight it appears dancing to the hum from beneath the ground. And it feels different. They're invading my shell. I can't help but think that when I wake up in a few hours they will have claimed all space – aural, visual and tactile – – for themselves. And then where would all these thoughts go?

$$\frac{d^2r}{dt^2} = -\frac{GM}{r^2},$$

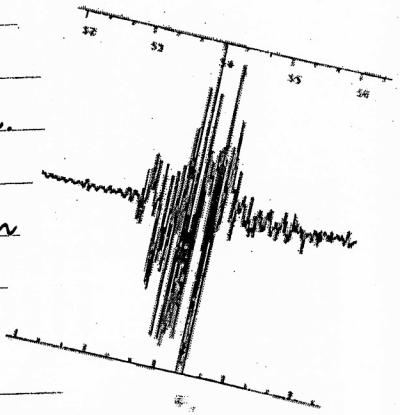
(This event also inspired the ☆ poem on the next page).





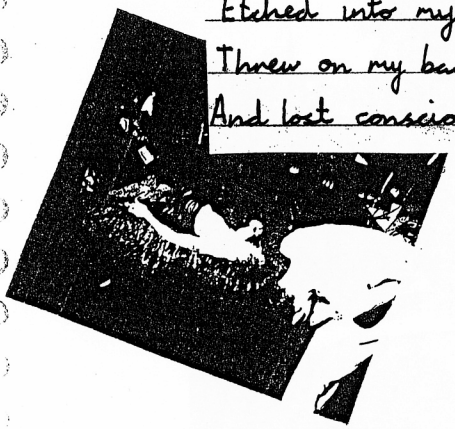
It's in the drown of the mechanical drill,
Under the foundations,
Vibrations echoing through the windowsill.
That noise I'd heard before,
A scream emanating from the ground,
More space taken, silence shaken,
In the new co-option of sound.

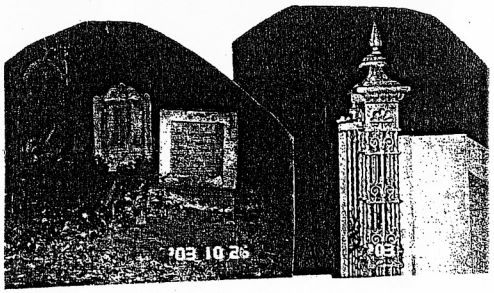
It's in the pounding of footsteps
On the city's sidewalks-
A factory-line procession,
Its syncopated discourse drowned in
An oasis of branded dispossession.
Repackaged smiles delivered in
Half-cast moulds, bent on a notion
I'd once read about,
Eyes averted from all
But one gaze—by the grace of
Corporate callousness, clones on IV drips
Shackled upon the nine to five apocalypse.



It's in the wheeze of a suffocating King street
Wallowing in designer boredom,
Face deformed
By the consumer scalpel,
With a voice I could not recognise, dulled
In its new, elaborate disguise.
The contours of its once rough skin eroded
To a perfect polaroid of homogeneity,
As shiny as it is bleak,
As worn out as the latest alternative chic.

It's in the murmur of a staid winter's day,
Pale and obsolete, removed of fire and heat.
I threw my thoughts from the windows,
Traced a figure in the wind
And peered into the distance; a symposium of shadows
The remnants of amputee designs,
And I saw the words
Etched into my skin – NO FUTURE,
Threw on my backpack, boarded the bus,
And lost consciousness amidst cosmopolitan blood loss.

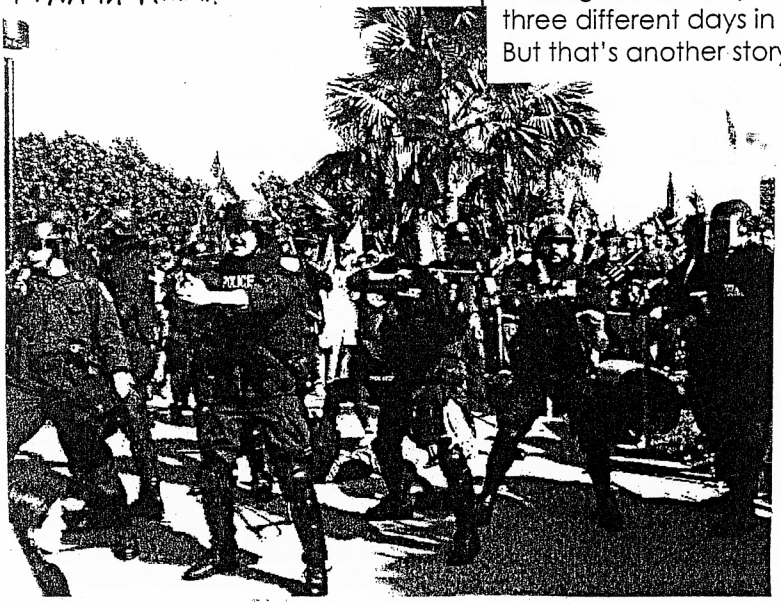


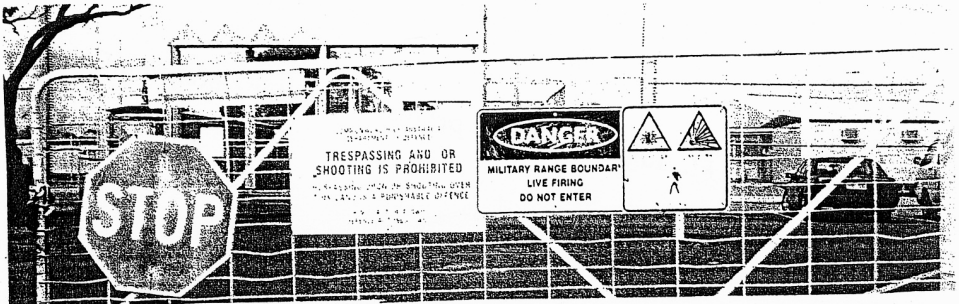


So there I was in Brisbane for the anarchist conference, hanging out after day one at the very cool Indyhouse, drinking beer on the balcony with some of the other cool kids when we heard a kerfuffle break out on the street below us. Four persons seemed to have another person pinned quite forcefully to the ground. After screaming quite loudly at them, we soon realized they were cops at which point the screaming got even louder. Some of my friends then got into a heated debate with one of the undercovers. They were then asked to come out of the house to continue the discussion. Being the inquisitive (and drunk) anarchists that we were, we took up the offer, and soon there were about ten of us on the street with four cops.

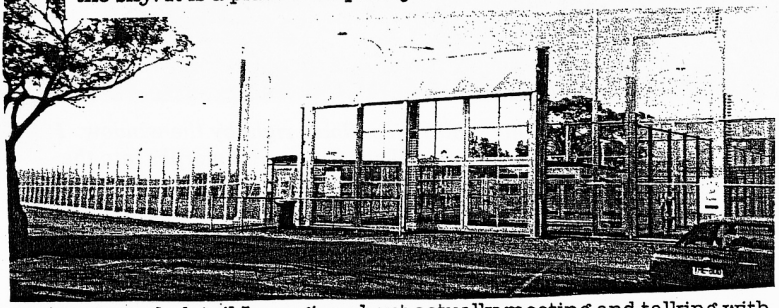
They were outraged that we were outraged, after all they were merely doing their job,. This of course led to comparisons with the Nazi's, which in turn led to the cops becoming even more outraged and one of them ranting about how he was educated and knew all about the Nazis and they weren't anything like that. Oh, and if we said it again we would be arrested. After that the debate was clearly not going anywhere as they had cheated by invoking their police powers and despite a few more rants about police racism and sexism, we returned to our party. Just another oddball moment that occurs when you mix police and anarchists, along the lines of how we managed to annoy three cops on three different days in Port Augusta. But that's another story...

Police just doing their job at the protests against the FTAA in Miami.

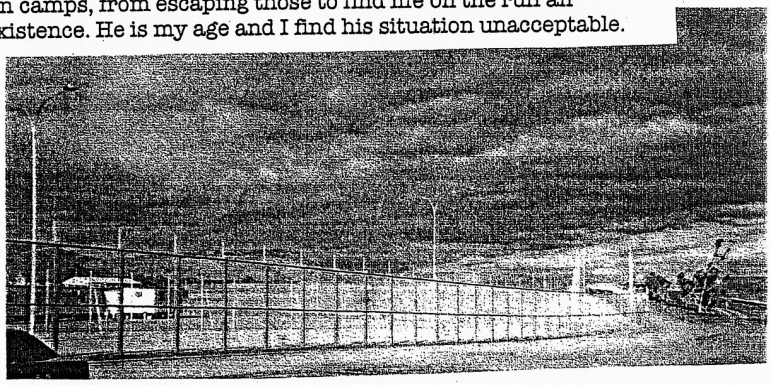




I visited some of the detainees at Baxter Detention Centre. It is an experience that is hard to describe. The overwhelmingly stark and intimidating physicality of the centre sent me spinning before I had even got in. The looming electric fences and razor wire on the barren desert landscape. The narrow, bare corridors that led to next checkpoint as reinforced metal doors slammed shut behind us. The mechanical process as ACM guards ushered us through metal detectors and verification points. The visitors centre surrounded by high fences that only allowed you to see the sky. It is a place built purely to intimidate.



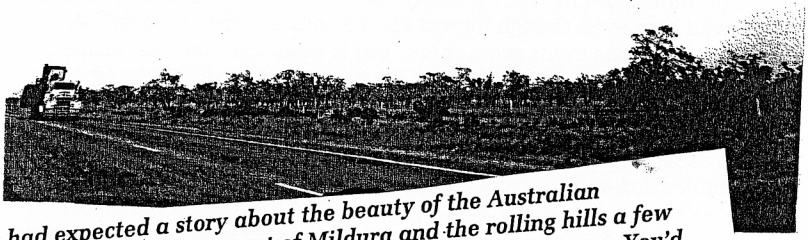
There's not much detail I can give about actually meeting and talking with the detainees. Being there already seems so surreal, and now I feel numb. AA said how even though he was sad he couldn't cry anymore. MA said he thought he'd die in his room there. But it wasn't all like that either. It was light-hearted, as a group of friends just hanging out and talking, but then I though how some of us would get to leave and it all became too much again. AA's seemingly calm acceptance of the situation tore me up. He's weary – from escaping his country to come here and get thrown in numerous concentration camps, from escaping those to find life on the run an impossible existence. He is my age and I find his situation unacceptable.



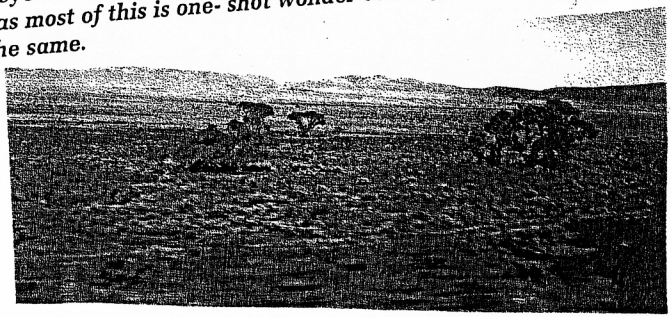
So now I sit here, writing this, completely numb and wondering what to next.

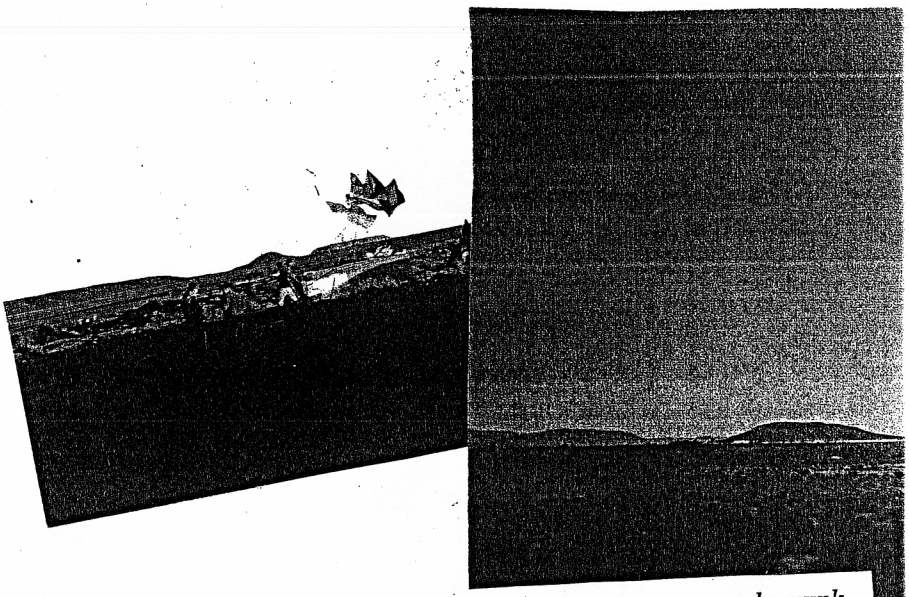
Driving to Pt. Augusta (for the protest at Baxter Detention Centre)

Nothing really moves out here. This country just floats right by the window. I just watch the road ahead as it ambles for kilometers until it morphs into the horizon. This land is dry and barren and holds little interest to me. I feel underwhelmed and let down by what I had hoped would be inspirational scenery.

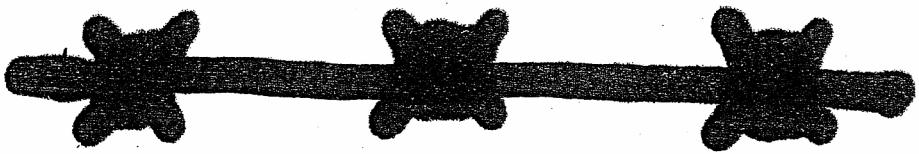


Sorry if you had expected a story about the beauty of the Australian countryside. Only the sunrise just out of Mildura and the rolling hills a few hours from Port Augusta seem to hold any magic in their appearance. You'd need a keen eye and some inner sense of the extraordinary to capture the magic here, as most of this is one- shot wonder country. That is most photos end up looking the same.



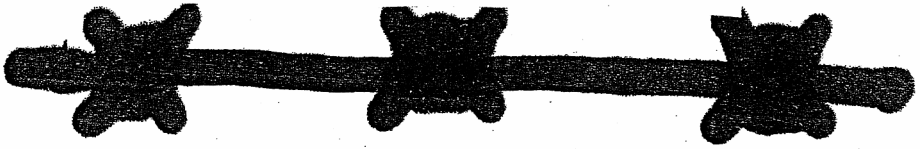


Still I guess compared to the scene that would face us at Baxter – a cyberpunk setting straight from a William Gibson novel, with robocops in riot gear, helicopters with searchlights and the brightly lit, fortified, electrified detention centre – there did seem to be some natural allure to the country that passed us by.

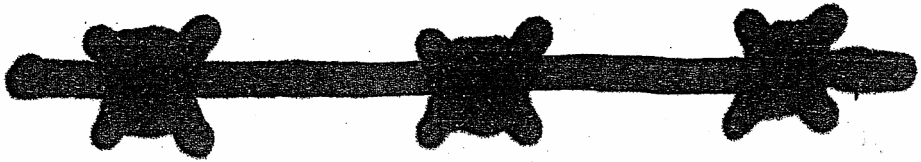


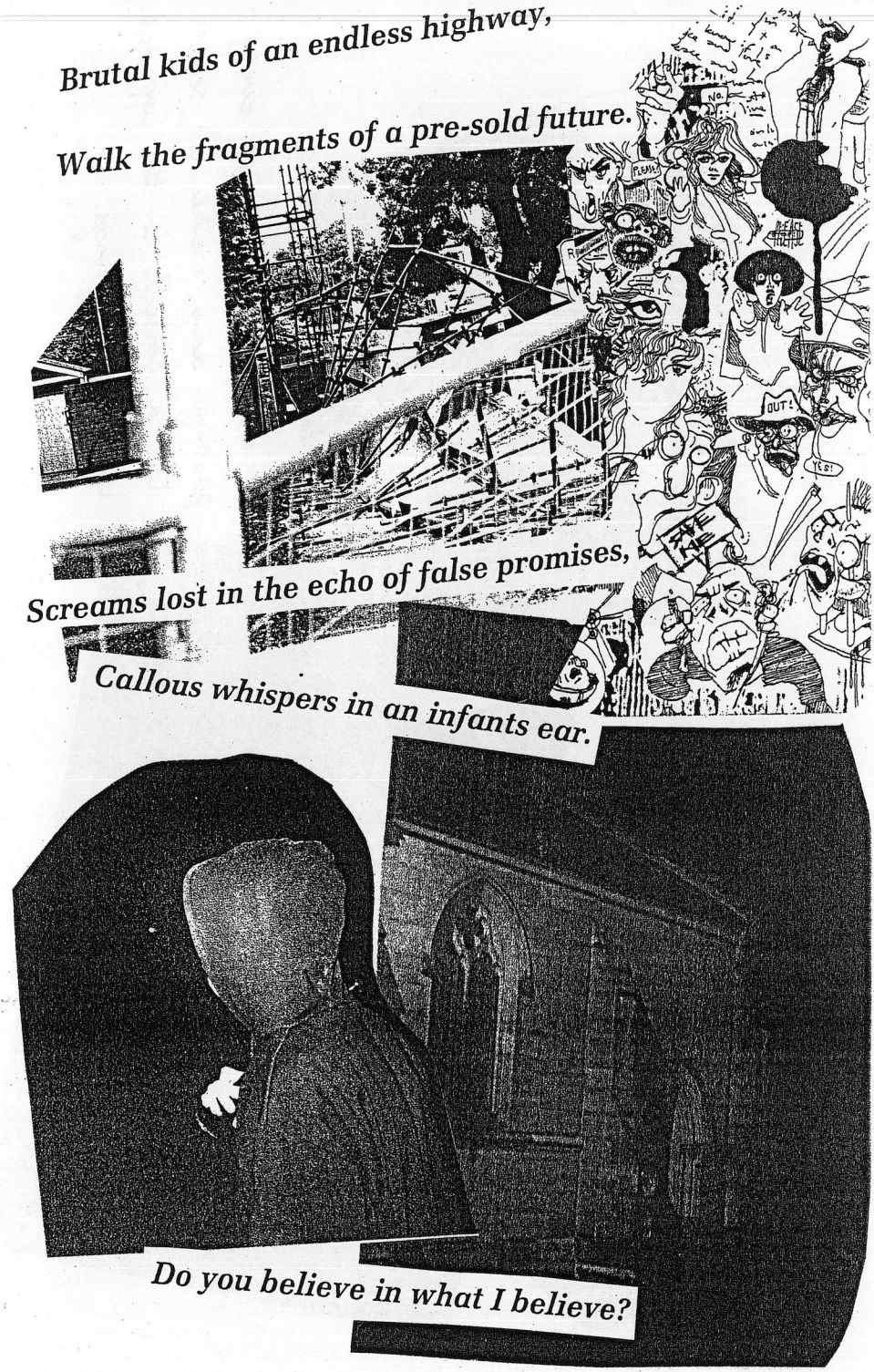
How do you speak of sadness now, when it is beyond their comprehension? It is the loss of all hope. The day the jester cried at laughter's mausoleum. How do you explain living with no emotions, because you only have so many and then their all gone?

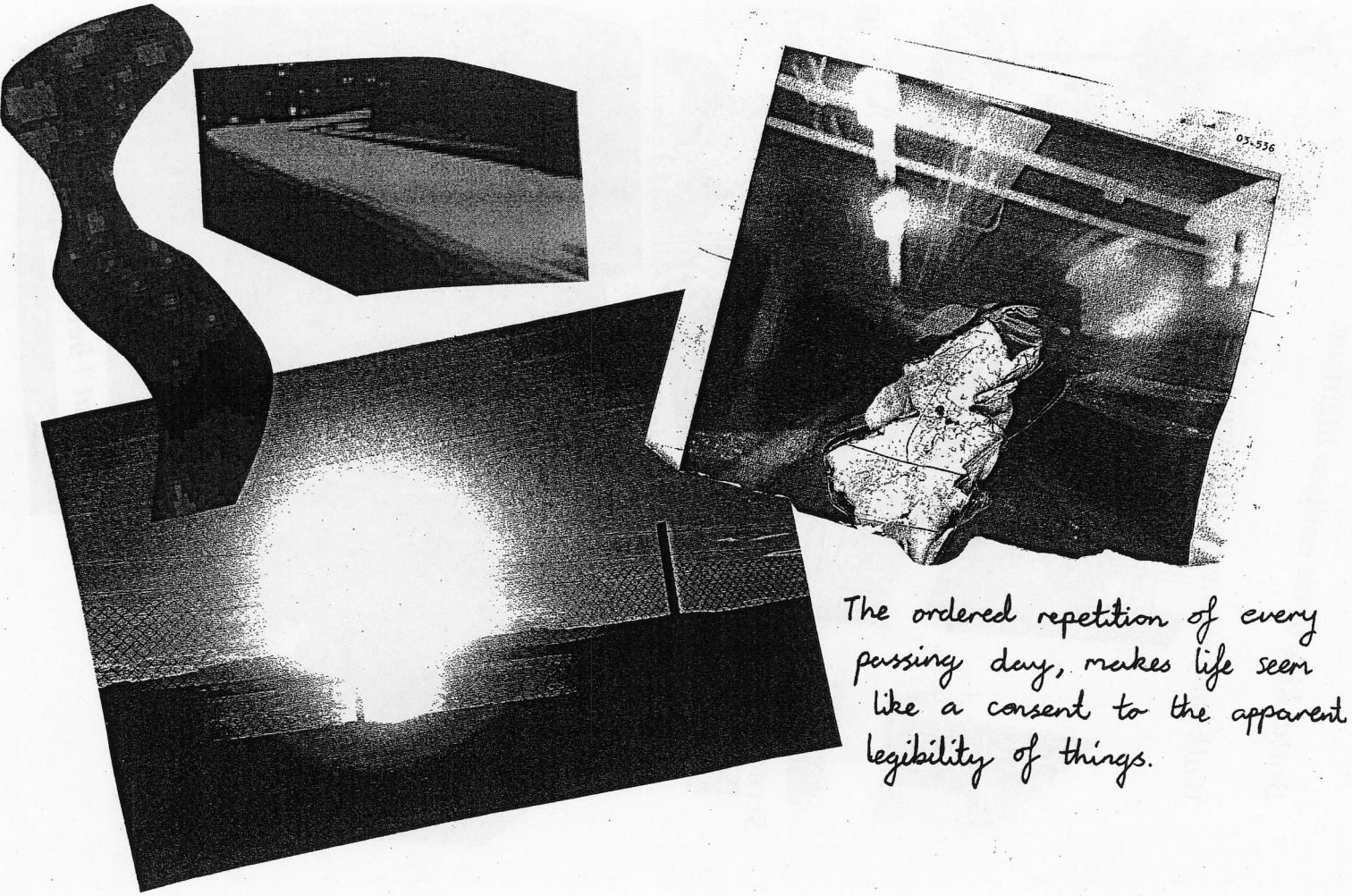
The one constant pain is from the razor-wire stitches attaching asphyxiated appendages to our existence.



With all our memories jaundiced from this repeat performance. And what of happiness, of freedom, that day so long ago now – a moment forsaken to eternal haplography. Because the sky cocoons your field of vision suffocating all else. Because here is a cage and your mind can only repel the nature of your surrounds for so long before they become you.




Brutal kids of an endless highway,
Walk the fragments of a pre-sold future.
Screams lost in the echo of false promises,
Callous whispers in an infants ear.
Do you believe in what I believe?
NO.
PEACE
OUT!
LOST



The ordered repetition of every passing day, makes life seem like a consent to the apparent legibility of things.

They rule by fear, i'm not afraid.

U WILL BE AFRAID

WTO, IMF, GB, EU

WE WILL PROTECT YOU

Export Processing Zones

WARNING

U.S. Air Force Installation

It is unlawful to enter this area without permission of the Installation Commander.

Sec. 21, Internal Security Act of 1950; 50 U.S.C. 797

While on this installation all personnel and the property under their control are subject to search.

Use of deadly force authorized.

Australia → Nauru

Britain → Albania

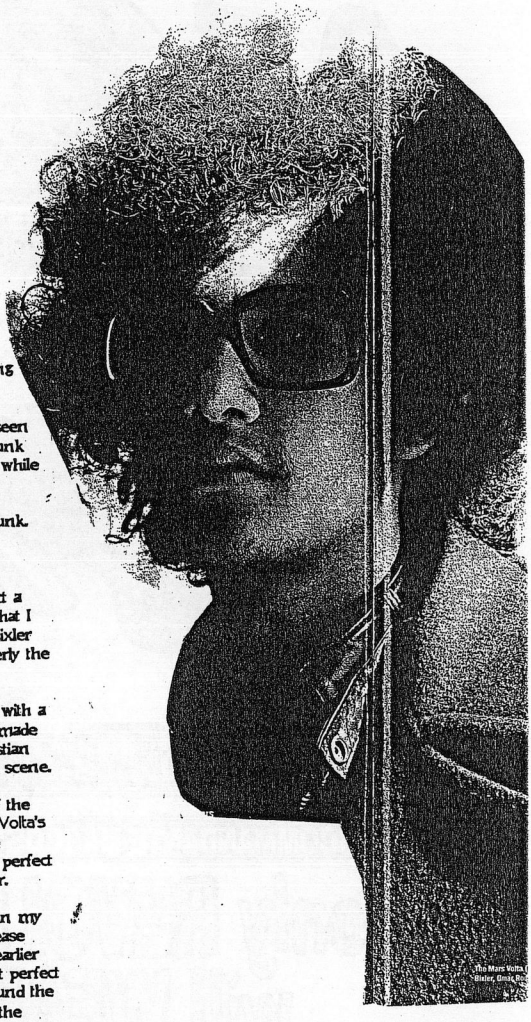
Only the rich may enter

TERRORIST

We'd leave an indelible mark across this city. We could delve into tunnels exploring the undergrowth. Sleep in the cracks of the chaos. When we surface there'd be a riot in defiance of moments stolen. Then we could dance to a symphony of shattered glass, revelling in a discourse of our own choosing. We would sample from the shelves, opening the doors of every exclusive fortress. If for one day we'd play on the grave of capitalism.

All Filler Some Killer #2

CEDRIC BIXLER!!! →



So what better to write about when you've got nothing better to write about then music.

Musically this year has been about punk. While I've seen many great bands across numerous genres, good punk music always makes me want to dance and scream while inspiring me to smash the system.

And I'm over people who think you can't dance to punk. They really need to watch Dennis Lyxzen of The (International) Noise Conspiracy or listen to Bracode.

Anyway this is leading somewhere and that is in fact a confession. Cos I have now got a new music icon that I am completely fascinated with. His name is Cedric Bixler and he is the singer with The Mars Volta and formerly the singer of At the Drive-in.

He's all dancing, all screaming, all ambiguous lyrics with a vocabulary greater than Chomsky, and all afro. He made the afro cool again, well before some no hope christian from Adelaide named Guy Sebastian arrived on the scene.

Anyway those two bands he has fronted are two of the most amazing bands you will ever hear. The Mars Volta's debut album "De-Loused in the Comatorium" is like nothing you have heard and track one is the most perfect one and a half minutes of music you will ever hear.

And At The Drive-in has practically been on loop in my bedroom and discman. And not just their final release "Relationship of Command", but also one of their earlier albums "In Casino Out". And if I've found the most perfect one and a half minutes of music, then I've also found the most perfect four minutes 40 seconds of music in the form of Napoleon's Solo from "In Casino Out".

Anyway Cedric Bixler is just so cool. And I'm gonna get to see him live cos The Mars Volta are coming to Sydney! I don't think I've ever been this excited about seeing a band. I highly recommend this gig to everyone.

when MASKS are OUTLAWED

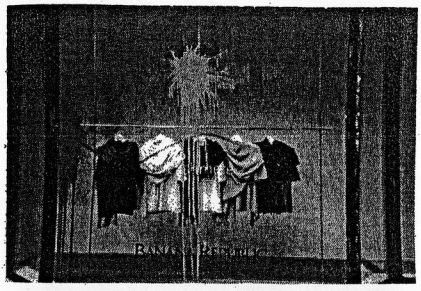
ezLN

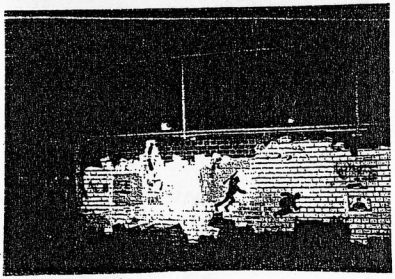
"SUBCOMMANDANTE MARCOS", E.Z.L.N., CHIAPAS, MEXICO

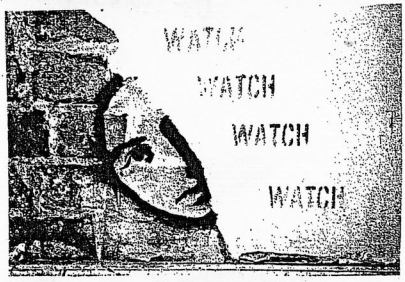
...only REVOLUTIONARIES will WEAR MASKS!

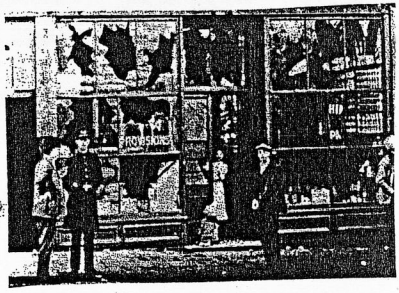
support your local BLACK BLOC!

VANDALISM AS ART









In the silence of a city under martial law, the post-capitalist gallery is open. Here, the shattered windows of a Warner Bros. store, each fallen shard swept away into invisibility. Here, a boarded-up McDonald's restaurant, suddenly isolated and exposed in its empty parking lot. In the middle of a street, an abandoned police car robbed of its authority by two spray-painted words: "We Win." Everywhere there are flags adorned with new symbols, newspaper boxes piled into barricades - dozens of acts of destruction, each loaded with aesthetic and social importance. Acts of art. Acts we would typically call "vandalism."

As told on the TV news, vandalism ruled the day last November 30, when tens of thousands of protesters shut down the World Trade Organization and created a state of emergency in downtown Seattle. Vandalism is an intentional violation, the defacement of something deemed valuable by others, but we know, too, that it can be a form of expression. Vandalism is young lovers carving their names in the bark of a tree, a street youth tagging a four-star hotel, anarchists kicking in the windows of Niketown. What could be a more complete expression of the desperate cynicism of postmodern decadence than this cathartic, primal lashback? Could any art form of our age offer a shred of hope for escape without a direct confrontation with property, the core value around which each of us is driven to build a sense of self.

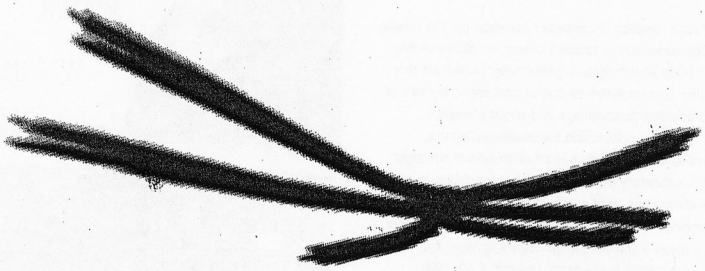
Vandalism is a kind of parasitism born from the essence of millennial western civilization. In our current culture we stand fractured, manipulated by technology and commercial interests. Marketers assign meaning to clothing, cars, furniture, even food; we choose our meanings with our products, simultaneously creating and eradicating our sense of our selves. We are commercial projects of meaning. We are host organisms and commodity culture is the parasite. We are vandalized objects — bent, warped, covered with markings we can't honestly say we chose by free will. Sapped of community and humanity, we have come to believe that we depend on our parasite for identity.

What we know as "vandalism" is in fact a rejection of consumer dependency. The vandal undermines commercial meaning. Consumer culture lumbers overgrown above us and vulnerable to its own shallow roots. It fears all reflection. Citizens living within it are in a state of perpetual self-evasion, avoiding contemplation for fear of confronting the void of utter meaninglessness or, worse, competitive disadvantage and social exclusion. Vandalism is an expression of this psychology of flight and the understanding that existence itself has become a criminal activity. Vandalism is art when art can no longer rescue meaning from the overwhelming absurdity of present material conditions. In a society that promotes a myth of total choice, the most crucial choice has been made criminal: the ability to create new meaning. The point where the myth and reality meet is the intersection of politics and art, the haunt of the vandal, the culture jammer, the anarchist. It is at this intersection that the barricades went up, November 30, 1999.

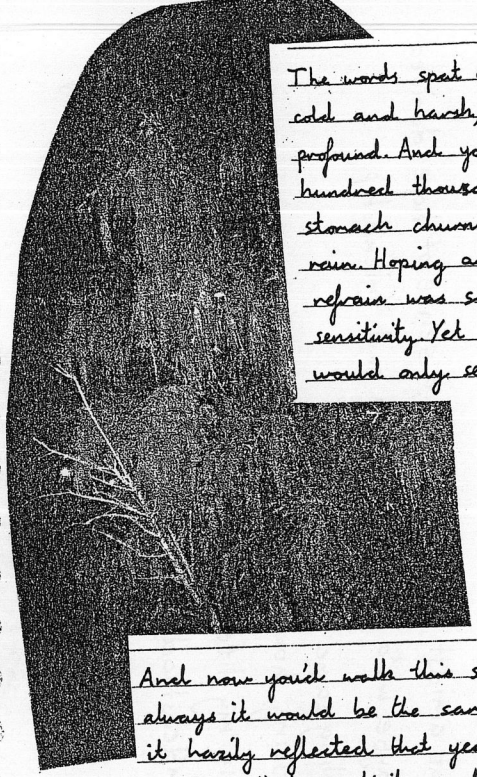
NOTE: (i) reprinted from my first zine cos no-one could read the text.

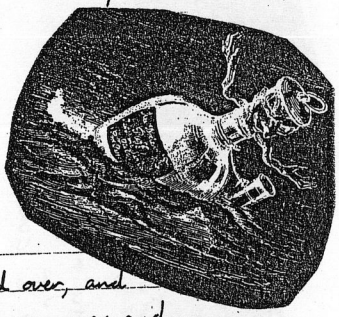
(ii) taken from Indymedia, written by someone whose name I forget.

A blank page
With no design in mind,
Could be a life unveiled
Or a rhyme of revolution.
Every potential communication
Sewn into its fibre,
To disrupt systems of alienation.
A blank page, your blank page
Could be every wall,
Canvass or piece of paper
Yearning to sing a song
Of insurrection.

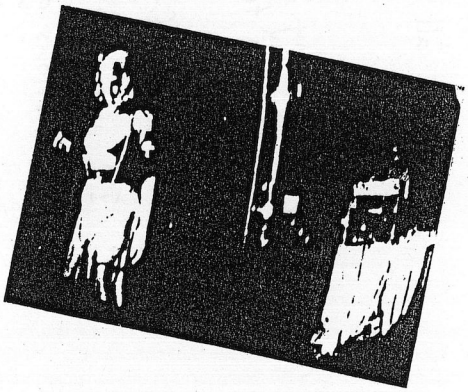


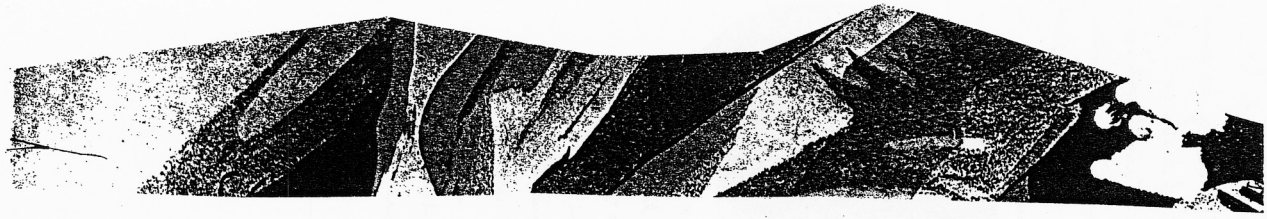
The words spat at your face like a late autumn drizzle, all cold and harsh, stinging the skin with a sharp sense of the profound. And you were coated with the anxiety of a hundred thousand moths descending [redacted], on sunset stomach churning at the slightest hint of truth in that rain. Hoping acutely that beneath the surface of spiteful refrain was some subtle layer that carried a forgotten sensitivity. Yet the frosted stare of an expressionless face would only serve to crumble that spirit once more.





And now you'd walk this street over and over, and always it would be the same. Your colour was grey and it heavily reflected that yearning for something else, before merging that creativity and happiness with its stock-standard bitterness. And laying on the footpath with a glint in its eye, the muse cackled at its latest premonition as you trudged by. Another broken-needle promise and sometimes you'd feel there was a reason why grey was your colour, but then you'd think of what you could see when the lights go out, and the faintest smile would appear on your lips.





I wish I could write every word on my mind about how much this all means to me, but somehow I couldn't.

I'd prefer even more to say it but I think i'd just freeze. And I don't know why. It needn't be some grand proclamation, just an expression of my feelings.

Just so you know that amidst this anxiety is a sense of hope derived from the feeling that maybe we'd survive on love and friendship.

I'd just want to explain how that feeling came to be as sparse interactions grew into common coalescing, how these are the most precious things in my life.

Maybe it's unspoken and understood, but...

Post-Anxiety positive thought:
Sometimes other factors override my insecurity and inability to express myself and things happen irrelevant of my actions. I probably shouldn't rely on it though.

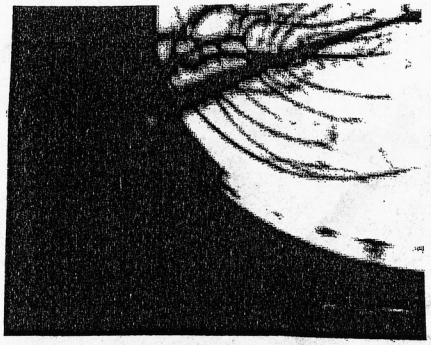
I want to smash it up

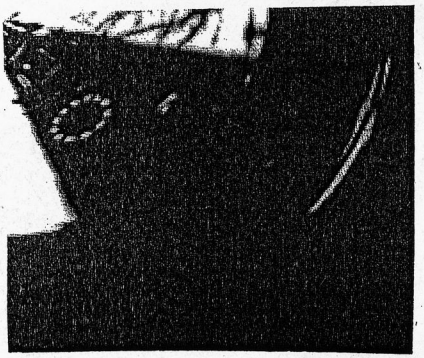
For all my friends

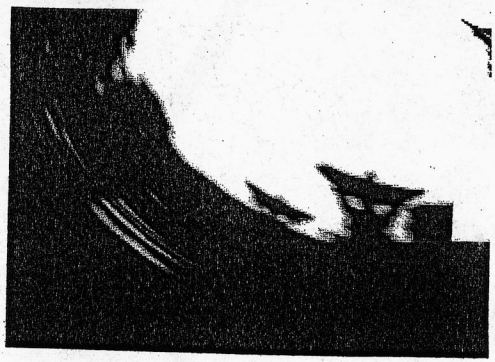
I hope you stick around

Until the very end.

-T(I)NC







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